

MODEST BUCK PRIVATE TAKES FRENCH ORPHAN

"Parrain" Who Provides Mascot With Year's 'Care Doesn't Want Names Mentioned—Total Now Stands at 85

Eighty-five. That is the total of "mascots" adopted by units and individuals of the A.E.F.—of French children bereft of home or parents by the war who now, through the generosity of the American soldiers in France, are assured of food, clothing and comfort for a year.

Funds for the support of 19 children were received this week by the War Orphan Bureau of THE STARS AND STRIPES. At this rate the total of adoptions will pass the 100 mark next week.

The Air Service was again in the foreground in adoptions, leading, by a narrow margin, the Infantry, the Engineers and the Medical Corps. The first private to make a personal adoption sent in his 500 francs for a six-year-old girl, at the same time modestly forbidding mention of his name, and the Y.M.C.A. hut at Base Hospital No. 8 gained the distinction of being the first unit to raise a fund for the care of a STARS AND STRIPES war orphan.

The week also brought the first expressions of gratitude from the children adopted and, in some instances, from their mothers. These letters tell a tale of thankfulness that is almost pathetic. Five hundred francs isn't much to a company or the average detachment, but it will provide a monthly payment of \$7.14, which to a mother with a child who has lost home and parents, means the solving of a vital problem that appears insoluble. The letter received from the mother of little Marie Louise Patriarche, adopted by the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES is typical of those at hand.

What Marie's Mother Says

"How will I ever be able to thank you enough for having adopted my dear little Marie Louise in your fine generosity? How can I express my gratitude and joy?" she writes.

"As with all good mothers who see the future of their children made safe, the words which I would be able to say would not sufficiently express my thankfulness, but be sure, gentlemen, that my gratitude is infinite. It is a genuine good fortune to me, who, in my continual sickness have only this one thought: Suppose that I should not be able to work any more, who would take care of my dearest?"

"It is a great thanks from the bottom of my heart which I send you because I cannot tell it to you with my own lips. I am going to have little Marie Louise write a letter while I guide her hand. It will be only a little scribble, but I hope it will please her dear parrain. I will always be glad to give you news of my little dear, for she is ever so pretty and good."

Madame Patriarche and her daughter are refugees from the invaded district. The father and husband was killed at the front. The mother worked for 25 francs a month to support her child until she was taken ill. The Red Cross reports that her sickness was caused by overwork and that she probably never will be able to work again.

Like Thousands of Others

The Patriarche case is no sadder than thousands of others. It is not so sad as many, but it seems as an example of the small sum a mother can do to service entirely out of proportion to its value from our viewpoint.

G.H.Q. A.E.F. responded to the call again this week when the officers and clerks of the Administrative Section started for a boy seven years old. They started to raise the 500 francs for the adoption and became so enthusiastic that they oversubscribed that amount 550 francs. The second 500 francs has been set aside for a second year's maintenance of the child and the godfathers specially requested that the old 50 francs be used to purchase their "mascot" such clothing and other necessities as he may be immediately in need of.

The Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8 made a systematic campaign to raise the first 250 francs for the adoption of a child.

"We started the fund by taking a collection in both the morning and evening meetings and also had a box for offer-

SUCCESS OF LOAN EASILY ASSURED

Continued from Page 1

its sleeve, or rather in its pocket, and with due regard to the perils of prophecy, your correspondent ventures the prediction that the success of the loan press something will have happened here to bust things wide open, for at present only the Richmond and Atlanta districts are lower in quota than New York, and this city can't afford to leave the ring with a black eye which no beefsteak can remove.

Full Subscription Certain

New York's showing in actual money is not so bad as its standing in the pennant race indicates. It has raised \$23,000,000 against \$350,000,000 by Chicago, its next competitor, on the amount of money.

There is no doubt whatever that the full loan will be subscribed before the end of the campaign. The only question is, how far beyond will we go? There is every indication that the big punch will come toward the end from the canny strategists.

The States are racing one another, as well as the Federal Reserve Sections. Iowa, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Dakota, Montana, and Minnesota all exceeded their quotas early in the week. Northern Wisconsin has heavily oversubscribed its quota. The St. Paul reserve district reported early that every State within its jurisdiction had filled its quota. Arizona, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Idaho and Nevada all went over the top early in the third week.

The Agricultural States have all reached out money in excess of their quotas as their answer to the hectic Eastern pessimists who have been proclaiming for the past few months that the farmers are not awake to the war. The rural districts of most of these States have beaten the big cities in percentages. In fact, McLeod County, Minnesota, oversubscribed by 33 per cent.

The Cleveland reserve district has 592 honor communities. The city of Cleveland alone has taken \$26,000,000. Detroit has oversubscribed its quota by 42 per cent; Des Moines by 39 per cent; Sioux City by 69 per cent.

Many communities in Wisconsin and Michigan, where a big proportion of the population is of German descent, have gone heavily over their quotas. The Minneapolis banks report subscriptions from farmers that are astounding.

ONE GAME AFTER ANOTHER



[Photo by S.C. A.E.F.]

PARIS OR LONDON—HOW COULD HE TELL?

You Might Get Mixed Up, Too, if You Were on Courier Service

RIGHT OF WAY ALWAYS HIS

So Far This Marine Sergeant Has Crossed Channel Only Forty-Three Times

By GEORGE T. BYE
London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 2.—A marine sergeant—therefore a stiff, spruce guy with a jaw like a cow-catcher—was walking along ahead of me, and behaving very queerly for a marine.

He would hoot ahead a bit, then stroke his cow-catcher, look around, then go on again. Once when he looked around his face and that his eyes were bloodshot.

"Poor guy," I thought. "Must have been high seas last night." For the second time in my life I had made a mistake, thought I didn't realize it then, for the marine sergeant nodded to me the next time he stopped, and asked:

"Say, tell me—for the love Mike—is this Paris or London?"

Would you have thought that he had just come over and, on top of an evening of beach-camp sociability, had lost his bearings?

"Aphasia!" I asked, smart-like.

"Hell, no. It can't be," he almost shouted. "Must be either Paris or London."

"You're right. It's London. But it's a funny mistake to make." "Oh, I don't know about that. What if you did nothing else but hop from Paris to London and back again?"

"You —"

"I'm a pelican," he interrupted, and grinned.

Then I knew my guess was right. One in Chicago I was a curly wold.

"I'm a pelican," he repeated. "See, here's my pouch," and he swung around

and showed me a small pouch.

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HOSPITAL BARBER SHINES AS SALOME

Musical Show Makes Great Hit at Mackay-Roosevelt Post

The Mackay-Roosevelt Hospital Unit, on duty in the A.E.F., is just recovering from a severe attack of amateur dramatics and the hero of the outfit is the barber.

Vincent Rizzo, who, from the unit's arrival in France, had been hiding his light under a shaving mug, stood revealed on the night of the show as a sensational barefoot dancer of Hindoo measures. Aided and abetted by several other enlisted men, he had the hardihood to present himself as Salome in the famous Dance of the Seven Veils.

Veils were borrowed from seven nurses and when the great climax was reached and Salome must expire at the bite of a coiling serpent, it was found that an untrained piece of fire hose made a great personal hit as the serpent.

The barber was presented, afterwards, with a large bouquet of Bermuda onions, a joke that always goes big in small time houses.

The show was a musical comedy given on the stage of the Y hut where the boards had already known the stately tread of E. H. Sothern and the sprightly prance of Elsie. It produced an unexpected number of amateur Julian Eltinges who had been camouflaged in olive drab.

The hit scored was so emphatic that the C.O. says the troupe can go wherever the Y.M.C.A. wants to bill it. The boys immediately suggested an extended engagement at the Astor Theater in Times Square, and this being coldly vetoed, are now looking over the map of France for suggestions.

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—A New Jersey Draft Board was hopelessly stunned the other day when a man being examined before it became suddenly stubborn on the point of nationality and flatly refused to say what country he had come from.

"He might have been a Rooshian or French or Turk or Prossian, but he would not commit himself on the subject. Finally, one exasperated official banged on the table and demanded with heavy sarcasm:

"Well, you're a human bein', ain't you?"

"I refuse to commit myself," was the haughty reply.

And the board is beginning to think there may really be some doubt about it.

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NAMES OF 50 MEN

ON VISIT TO STATES

A.E.F. Soldiers Who Made

Good Here Tell Home

Folks About It

There were 50 of them, you remember

—50 members of the A.E.F. who had

made good with such a bang that they

were going back to the States to tell

everyone about it. THE STARS AND

STRIPES printed the story of their selection

and departure two weeks ago.

Word of their safe arrival at an Atlantic

port has since been received. They

are now booming the war in general,

and the A.E.F. and the third Liberty

loan in particular. Here are their

names. See if any one you know is in

this list:

Pvt. John M. Andrews, Sgt. Harold A.

Andrews, Cpl. Edgar Barnes, Cpl. Her-

bert E. Bakes, Pvt. Louis P. Bonne,

Sgt. Samuel L. Blyth, Pvt. Langhorn

Barber, Cpl. Thomas Cosgrave, Sgt. Ed-

mund D. Creed, Cpl. Osborne Devarilla,

Pvt. John Faderuck, Sgt. Manning

Grimes, Pvt. Raymond Guyette, Sgt.

Paul A. Havenstein, Sgt. John J. Hat-

fernau, Sgt. Keith W. Howart, Pvt.

Harry H. Harrison, Sgt. Owen C. Haw-

kins, Pvt. Robert L. Heath, Cpl. Charles

Henry, Pvt. Kenneth B. Jopp, Pvt.

Schuyler Mawer, Sgt. Hugh Marsh,

Sgt. Eugene McNiff, Cpl. Charles E.

Morris, Cpl. Elmer D. Martin, Pvt.

Robert Montgomery, Pvt. John McCor-

mick, Pvt. Harry Novak, Pvt. H. A.

Nicholas, Cpl. Leonard Omerod, Pvt.

William J. O'Neil, Pvt. Barney Pogus,

Cpl. Milo H. Plant, Sgt. Joseph Petrus,

Sgt. Thomas F. Reilly, Pvt. James F.

Redding, Cpl. Harold J. Smith, Cpl. Guy

E. Smith, Cpl. James L. Stephens, Cpl.

Meri L. Skinner, Sgt. Richard J. Schne-

THE INFANTRYMAN

("The artillery conquers; the infantry occupies.")

He gets no rides in parlor cars.

In coaches or Sedans.

And yet his work is just as big

As any other man's.

He wears no winglike badges as

The aviators do.

But yet he's Johnny-on-the-spot

Whenever we're bustin' through!

He's long on strength and vim!

The cannoniers may blast away

And make the Boche go pronto,

But infantry with bayonets

Will send 'em to Toronto,

To Ialifax or Timbuctoo.

And send 'em humpin' fast—

So 'Tenshun! while the columns of

The infantry march past!

der, Sgt. Chesley W. Whitton, Cpl.

Harry A. Welcome, Cpl. Homer White,

Cpl. Milton Willard, Pvt. Horace P.

Webster, Cpl. Beecher L. Ward, Pvt.

Percy D. Yarrowborough, Pvt. H. Zody.

der, Sgt. Chesley W. Whitton, Cpl.

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